

New Hosiery.

NEW socks or stockings may be very comfortable to the feet, but hosiery should always be washed before being worn, as the washing shrinks the threads and makes the article wear as long again, besides preventing the feet from being injured by the coloring.

Be Charitable and Indulgent to Every One but Yourself



Magazine Page



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the famous battle of Bannockburn in 1314, in which Robert Bruce defeated the English, insured himself a throne and secured the independence of Scotland. Bruce, with 40,000 men, nearly annihilated the army of 60,000 men under Edward II. by undermining the ground over which they had to charge.

When a Girl Marries

A STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

Anne Has a Bit of Repentance Toward Tom Mason When He Asks Her to Wear the Blue Robe.

By Anne Lisie.

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By the time the famous black velvet curtains had fallen on the first act of the most brilliant musical success of the season I was as miserable, bored and disgusted as a woman could be. Now and then, for fear people would notice how out of it I was, I made some comment to Phoebe or Mr. West. A brief answer and then they returned to their interest in the stage and each other. No one spoke to me unaddressed. I felt as if every one in the theater must be noticing, and, noticing, must be saying to every one else: "What a dull, stupid, unattractive woman that one in gray chiffon seems to be. The people in her party don't notice her if they can help it. They must be bored to death by her."

My mouth seemed to twist of its own accord into the queerest grimaces, and I kept struggling to quirk it up at the corners so it wouldn't look as if I were unhappy to the verge of tears.

When the curtain fell it was no better. I buried myself in my program and turned the leaves over and over again with absorbed attention, but when I was reading I couldn't have told.

A Barbed Sting. Suddenly Evvy's voice which had been keyed low, rippling along with throaty little gurgle meant only for Jim's ear, rang out in husky challenge.

"Bored, Donna Anna? It's a shame that your cavalier is so late. I don't like Tommy, either, where a woman—like you—is concerned."

Every one chuckled at the elaborate point Evvy made of hesitating when she had seemed almost to suggest that Tom was gallant to all women, and then swung her barb into a sort of compliment to me. My face burned, but before I could reply Evvy went on:

"Oh, here's Sir Thomas now! What will you give me, cousin mine, for the privilege of hiding away cosily here in the back of the box with you—Donna Anna?"

"Hello, every one—every one, hello!" spoke up Tom Mason genially. "My, we are cozy! But I say, Jim, don't you want the choice place up in front for the last act? They say there's a wonderful dance."

"Jimmie wouldn't deprive his wife—or a guest—of a chance to see that dance to the best possible advantage for the world," gushed Evvy in her strangely husky voice.

Again everyone laughed. There was such a knowing note in Phoebe's mirth that I just ached, remembering the dear little girl Neal had loved only a few weeks before.

"Well, I'll swap everything you or the stage have to offer for one

friendly smile from our hostess," said Tom easily as he took his place in the hitherto empty chair just back of me. "Glad to see me, little lilac lady?"

Jim's name for me—the name I scarcely ever heard now! Yet it seemed to me that I was glad to hear it now from any lips, although I am sure that I would have thought it sacrilege for Tom Mason to use it so short a while as an hour before.

"Glad to see me, little lilac lady?" he asked again bending closer. Then suddenly I noticed a woman in the audience looking at me with interest—as if I were a person to be reckoned with. A minute or two before in sending her eyes across her box they had ignored me—the seeming "fifth wheel on the wagon."

Masculine admiration has a way of winning for a woman the recognition belonging to a "somebody." To be understood is to seem undesirable—a nobody.

Glad To See Him. I had never dreamed I would do it, but now I flashed a glance that was almost grateful around at Tom Mason.

"I am glad to see you," I said in amazement that this could be true. The rest of the evening was like a new cook's first griddle cakes—raw and doughy on one side, almost burned on the other.

Tom Mason's warm devotion saved me from being what my sensitiveness—or jealousy—feared, an object of pity to all observers. But nothing could make it really "palatable" to me. When, at our after-theater supper, Evvy languished through the waltzes with Jim—whose ankle rather protected him from being ranked as a dancing man, I tried to comfort myself with twinkly little foxtrots with Tom. It didn't work. But I no longer felt an actual aversion for the man—even if the blue robe was forgotten until he recalled it at parting.

"We've had a happy evening, haven't we, Donna Anna? Much better than last night. You're looking even sweeter than you did then."

"Well, for an interior decorator, you're easily fooled!" I laughed. "I'm wearing the self-same dress I wore last night."

"I know," he said, seriously, "but it's suitable tonight. Last night you should have worn the blue robe. Aren't you ever going to—make me happy by letting me see how lovely you are in that?"

We were at Evvy's door. Phoebe was in another taxi with Dick West. Jim went to see Evvy safely inside her house. For the moment Tom and I were utterly alone. He seized my hand and carried it to his lips, and as they burned against my palm the old distrust revived.

"I'll never wear that blue robe. Won't you take it back?" I begged.

Here Are Some Very Smart Hats from Paris



These models show the latest styles now being worn in the French and English Capitals. All exhibit a tendency to small shapes.



"I'll never take it back. So won't you wear it!" he asked. There was a serious note under all his lightness of tone. I was sorry for myself sitting there ignored by my Jim, while he bade good night to Evvy. Suddenly, I was also a little sorry for Tom Mason.

(To Be Continued.)

The Boy Knew Best.

"What is your last name?" asked a school teacher. "Augustus, ma'am." "Augustus?" exclaimed the teacher. "What is your other name?" "Jones," said the lad. "Then Jones is your last name, of course?" said the teacher, looking at the boy with considerable severity. "No," replied the boy respectfully. "My other name was Jones when I was born, but mother says they didn't name me Augustus for three months."

Quite Accommodating.

Jolly—Hello! Haven't seen you for ages! If you're motoring down your way you might drop in. Montmorency—I've given up the car. I travel in an aeroplane now. Jolly—Oh, well, then, you might drop out!



Photos by Bertram Park, London.

Train Your Boy to Farm

IT WILL BE A VALUABLE EXPERIENCE

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever.

TRAIN your boy to work, not to fight. Universal military training was a dead issue in this country before the armistice was signed. Germany had already demonstrated to the world that it was the colossal failure of the ages.

Conversely, universal industrial training was never so much in favor. The war itself was in a primary sense a contest between two great industrial groups. It was a fight between two conflicting schools of laborers and industrial engineers. Among the millions of freshly enlisted men nothing stood more conspicuously in the way as temporary unpreparedness of either side.

So, teach your boy to work faithfully and honestly with his hands, and he will thus acquire a valuable foundation for all the arts of both war and peace. Even the member of the "learned profession" is a sort of weakling without such a foundation.

No lawyer, minister, teacher or physician can fairly and adequately know the people with whom he must deal unless he has approached the understanding of human nature through the great human experiences, such as common labor. The lawyer, the preacher, who has never during years of growth, soiled his hands with common labor is a cheat. I should not trust him.

Hitherto, I have advocated sending the high school youth to the farm for a summer season. That statement was not nearly radical enough. Every youth should be required to master the elements of one of the great trunk line industries—either production of food, manufacture of commodities or transportation of these. A beginning with the rudiments and a year of intelligent labor, full of sweat and strain, with three years of book instruction, would practically guarantee to a high school graduate the possession of both the strength and the vision necessary for his true place in an universal democracy.

Just now, the country is harvesting the greatest crop in its history. And harvesters are scarce chiefly because so many of the young men of the right age to do this work are as helpless as a six-year-old in the mere routine of getting to the wheat fields, while they are babes in their knowledge of how to do the work should they go there. Not a few have written such a confession to me.

The country is now for the first time in history trying itself out as a propagandist. It is making a drive for this end that, at present, the drive is for home building and the construction industries. But before such an effort can well suc-

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

PUSS kept thinking over what the little girl's father had said about being a sort of knight of the Round Table. "It isn't a bad idea," thought Puss, "and if I could but meet some of those famous knights, what wonderful adventures I would have!"

Suddenly, as if in answer to his wish, a knight clad in bright armor rode in sight, and when he saw Puss Junior he drew rein and cried: "Sir Cat, tell me thy name. Methinks I have met thee before."

"I am Puss in Boots Junior," answered our small hero. "No doubt it is my father whom you have met."

"'Tis more likely," replied the knight, "for you are too young." Then he dismounted and sat down beneath a tree, for they were in a forest. Puss Junior also sat down and looked with so much admiration at the knight that the latter laughingly said: "When we have rested we will go together through the wood. Mayhap we will meet with some adventure!"

You may well imagine how delighted Puss Junior was at hearing this. And pretty soon the knight arose and mounted his steed, helping Puss up behind him.

"And now, fellow-comrade, I'll tell thee my name: 'tis Launcelot of the Lake.' The knight took Puss Junior's breath away. The noble Sir Launcelot!

"I hope I may prove myself worthy of your friendship," said Puss in a low voice. And then, all of a sudden, they came upon an archer hiding behind a tree.

"A was an Archer and shot at a frog," hold on, my good man," cried Sir Launcelot. "I have not the time to hear you recite the Mother Goose alphabet. Tell me, what town is that yonderway?"

"Sir," replied the archer, "tis Bramblebush Town, because there lives the man who scratched out both his eyes by jumping into a Bramblebush. And that castle is called the Castle of the Briers for the same reason."

"And who is the lord of yonder fine castle?" asked Sir Launcelot. "A wicked lord, my good sir knight," replied the archer.

Setting spurs to his horse, Sir Launcelot rode off toward the Castle of the Briers. But as he encountered this wicked lordling, he laughed Sir Launcelot. "At our hand is an adventure."

Well, by and by they came to a long bridge over which they tramped out of his little house. "Turn back," he cried. "Who dare travel over Bramblebush Bridge?" And then he seized their horse by the rein, which so infuriated Puss Junior that he drew his sword and pricked the hand of the keeper so that he let go the rein. At which Sir Launcelot laughed and spurred his steed forward, leaving the keeper to bind up his hand.

And next time you shall hear what happened after that.

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To Be Continued.

Worth Cultivating.

It isn't only women who discuss servants in these days. Mr. Brown and Mr. Brand were on the topic in the train recently.

"You treat your cook as if she were a privileged character!" Mr. Brand said.

"As long as she is with us we expect to be well taken care of," explained Mr. Brown.

"In a culinary way?"

"Not entirely. She has a brother in the police force, another brother drives a coal cart, and her sweet-heart is in our butcher's shop."

HEARTS OF THREE

By JACK LONDON.

Jefe Politico Objects to Price of Passage Demanded by Captain Rosaro.

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Francis Morgan, descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, decided to make up his mind to live for a while and plans a fishing trip. To Thomas Regan, a South American, who announces he has a tip on the location of the treasure buried by Morgan in the old pirate days. Regan has an idea.

Young Morgan sails for South America in pursuit of the treasure. Upon landing he encounters a strange young woman who appears to mistake him for some one else. He is fired upon by three natives and escapes safely aboard his vessel, the Angelique.

Francis learns he and Henry, the mysterious islander, are both descendants of Sir Henry Morgan.

Francis discovers his resemblance to Henry was responsible for his peculiar greeting upon first landing on South American territory. Francis encounters Torres again. Francis is saved from death on galleons and Henry is arrested in his place. Leonica finds her fancy has strayed from Henry to Francis.

The two plot to save Henry. Francis, Leonica, and Henry "slight" their enemies and go aboard Francis' vessel.

"It would be a happier morning if the cursed fever had not laid its chill upon me," Captain Rosaro grunted sourly, the hand that held the mug, the arm, and all his body shivering so violently as to spill the hot liquid down his chin and into the black-and-gray thatch of hair that covered his half-exposed chest.

"Take that, you animal of hell!" he cried, flinging mug and contents at a splinter of a half-breed boy, evidently his servant, who had been unable to repress his glee.

"But the sun will rise and the fever will work its will and shortly depart," said the jefe, politely ignoring the display of spleen.

And you are a finished hero, and you are bound for Bocas del Toro, and we shall go with you, all of us, on a rare adventure. We will pick up the schooner Angelique, calm-bound all last night in the lagoon, and I shall make many arrests, and all Panama will so ring with your courage and ability, captain, that you will forget that the fever ever whispered in you.

"How much?" Captain Rosaro demanded bluntly.

"Much?" the jefe countered in surprise. "This is an affair of government, good friend. And it is right on your way to Bocas del Toro. It will not cost you an extra shovelful of coal."

"Muchacho! More coffee!" the tug skipper roared at the two Indians. A pause fell, wherein Torres and the jefe and all the dragged following, yearned for the piping hot coffee brought by the boy.

Against the ring of the mug against his teeth like a rattling of castanets, but managed to slip without spilling and so to burn his mouth.

A white-faced Swede, in filthy overalls, with a soiled cap on which appeared "Engineer," came up from below, lighted a pipe, and seemingly went into a trance as he sat on the tug's deck.

"How much?" Captain Rosaro repeated. "Let us get under way, dear friend," said the jefe. "And then, when the fever shock has died, then we will discuss the matter with reason, being reasonable creatures ourselves and not animals."

"How much?" Captain Rosaro repeated again. "I am never an animal. I always am a creature of reason, whether the sun is up or not up, or whether this thrice-cursed fever is upon me. Let us start, and for how much?" the jefe conceded warily.

"Fifty dollars gold," was the prompt answer.

"You are starting, anyway, are you not, Captain?" Torres queried softly.

"Fifty—gold, as I have said. The jefe Politico threw up his hands with a hopeless gesture and turned on his heel to depart.

"Yet you swore eternal vengeance for the crime committed on your jail," Torres reminded him.

"Bill me for fifty."

"But not if it costs \$50," the jefe snapped back, out of the corner of his eye watching the shivering captain for some sign of relenting.

"Fifty gold," said the captain, as he finished draining the mug and with shaking fingers strove to light a cigarette. He nodded his head in the direction of the Swede, and added, "and five gold extra for my engineer. It is our custom."

Torres stepped closer to the jefe and whispered: "I will pay for the tug myself and charge the Gringo Regan a hundred, and you and I will divide the difference. We shall make. For this Regan pig instructed me well not to mind expense."

As the sun slipped brazenly above the eastern horizon, one gendarme jaded horses, the rest of the party descended to the deck of the tug, the Swede dived down into the engine room, and Captain Rosaro, shaking off his chill in the sun's beneficent rays, ordered the deck hands to cast off the lines and put one of them at the wheel in the pilot house.

And the same day dawn found the Angelique, after a night of calm, off the mainland from which she had failed to go away, although she had made sufficient north to be midway between San Antonio and the passage of Bocas del Toro and Cartago. These two passages to the open sea still lay twenty-five miles away, and the schooner truly slept on the mirror surface of the placid lagoon.

Too stuffy below for sleep in the steaming tropics, the deck was littered with the sleepers. On top of the small house of the cabin, in solitary state, lay Leonica. On the narrow runways of deck on either side lay her brothers and her father.

And between the cabin companionway and the wheel, side by side, Francis' arm across Henry's shoulder as if still protecting him, were two Morgans. On one side the wheel, sitting with arms on knees and head on arms, the negro-Indian slept, and just as precisely posted on the other side of the wheel, slept the helmsman, who was none other than Percival, the black Kingston negro.

The waist of the schooner was strewn with the bodies of the mixed-breed seamen, while forward, on the tiny forecastle head, prone, his face buried upon his folded arms, slept the lookout.

Leonica, in her high place on the cabin-top, awoke first. Propping her head on her hand, the elbow resting on a bit of the poncho on which she lay, she looked down past one side of the hood of the companion-way upon the two young men.

She yawned over them, who were so alike, and knew love for both of them, remembered the kisses of Henry on her mouth, thrilled till her head ached with thoughts that mantled her cheek at memory of the kisses of Francis, and was puzzled and amazed that she should have it in her to love two men at the one time.

As she had already learned of herself, she would follow Henry to the end of the world, and Francis even so, though she could not understand such wantonness of inclination.

Fleeing from her own thoughts which frightened her, she stretched out her arm and clasped the end of her silken scarf to a tickling of Francis' nose, who, after restless movements, still in the heaviness of sleep, struck with his hand at what he thought was a mosquito. And it was Leonica's scarf that he caught in the chest. So it was Henry who first awakened. He sat up with such abruptness as to awaken Francis.

"Good morning, pretty kinsman," Francis greeted. "Why such violence?"

"Morning, morning, and the morning's morning, comrade," Henry muttered. "Such was the violence of your sleep that it was you who awakened me with a buffet on my forehead. I thought it was the end of the world for this is the morning that I planned to kick my neck." He yawned, stretched his arms, gazed out over the rail at the sleeping seamen, and then he turned to the service of the sleeping skipper and helmsman.

They looked so bonny, the pair of Morgans, Leonica thought; and at the same time wondered why the English word had arisen unsummoned in her mind, rather than a Spanish equivalent. Was it because her mind, under a little breeze watch, had hauled around well to the northward was for the moment heeling it through the water at a six-knot clip.

Three hours later, breakfast of coffee and fruit over, she found herself at the wheel taking her first lesson steering and of the compass under Francis' tuition. The Angelique under a crisp little breeze watch had hauled around well to the northward was for the moment heeling it through the water at a six-knot clip.

Henry, swaying on the weather side of the after-deck and searching the sea through the binoculars, was striving to be all unconcerned at the lesson, although he secretly heaved a sigh of relief at the fact that he was not having first thought of himself introducing her to the binocular and the sea. Yet he resolutely refrained from looking around or from even stealing a corner-of-the-eye glance at the other two.

But Captain Trefethen, with the keen Indian curiosity, and the impudence of a negro subject of King George, knew no such delicacy. He stared openly and missed nothing of the chemic drawing together of his charterer and the pretty Spanish girl.

When they leaned over the wheel to look into the binocular they leaned toward each other and Leonica's hair touched the other's. And the three of them, themselves and the bread skipper, knew the thrill induced by such contact. But the main and woman knew immediately what the bread skipper did not know, and what they knew was embarrassment.

Their eyes lifted to each other in a flash of mutual startlement and dropped away down guiltily. Francis talked very fast and loud enough for half the schooner to hear, as he explained the lubber's point of the compass. But Captain Trefethen grinned.

A rising puff of breeze made Francis put the wheel up. His hand to the spoke rested on her hand, already upon it. Again they grinned and again the skipper thrilled.

Leonica's eyes lifted to Francis, then dropped in confusion. She slipped her hand out from under, and terminated the lesson by walking slowly away with a fine assumption of casualness, as if the wheel and the binocular no longer interested her. But she had left Francis afire with what he knew was lawlessness and treason, as he glanced at Henry's shoulder and profile and hoped he had not seen what had occurred.

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THAT WONDERFUL NEW COP ON THE BEAT

By FONTAINE FOX

